

VON KIDERLEN-WACHTER PASSES AWAY SUDDENLY

German Secretary for Foreign
Affairs Was Visiting Sister
Near Stuttgart.

BERNSTORFF MAY SUCCEED

Ambassador at Washington
Among Several Mentioned
—Dead Statesman
Buffoon.

STUTTGART, Germany, Dec. 30.—Alfred von Kiderlen-Wachter, Secretary for Foreign Affairs of the German Empire, died suddenly to-day after a brief illness.

Herr von Kiderlen-Wachter was enjoying his usual Christmas visit to his sister, the Baroness von Gemmingen, near here. He had felt extremely ill for several days, so much so that physicians who were called in feared that his illness might result fatally, as his heart action was very irregular.

The end came with great suddenness at 7:30 o'clock this morning, when the Secretary for Foreign Affairs died from heart failure while he was practically alone.

Berlin, Dec. 30.—Count J. H. von Bernstorff, German Ambassador at Washington, is prominently mentioned in the newspapers as a probable successor of the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Alfred von Kiderlen-Wachter. The "Tagblatt," however, thinks that Count von Bernstorff is likely to remain at Washington in order to conduct the negotiations for a commercial treaty between the United States and Germany.

Others mentioned are Baron Hans von Wangenheim, German Ambassador at Constantinople; Prince Charles Maximilian, German Ambassador at London; Baron von dem Busche-Haddenhausen, German Minister at Buenos Aires; Count R. K. K. Rex, German Ambassador at Tokyo, and Baron Mumm von Schwarzenstein, formerly German Ambassador at Tokyo.

Herr von Kiderlen-Wachter was one of the most intimate friends and chums of his imperial master, to whom he stood at one time almost in the relation of a court jester or clown. That is why he was then invariably selected to attend William II. whenever the latter went off on one of his periodical trips of relaxation and amusement, especially on the trips on board the Hohenzollern, where all formality and ceremony are cast aside, and the Kaiser gives free vent to his fondness for practical jokes, horseplay and every species of boisterous fun.

Of these yachting parties Herr von Kiderlen-Wachter was the very life and soul, his witticisms, his antics and his mimicry keeping even the sailors in roars of laughter. Indeed, it is said, had he not been a member of the German diplomatic service and an Emperor's favorite he would have reaped a fortune as the clown of some circus.

Yet he could be grave and dignified on state occasions, and when one saw him at the court of Berlin or of Copenhagen, arrayed in full uniform, his breast covered with decorations, it was difficult to realize that this was the same tomboy who went among the imperial entourage by the name of "August," that given to him by the Emperor, and that he was the principal partner of the autocrat of Germany in the "bête noir" of Prince Bismarck, to whom he was formerly devoted, but he deserted him on his fall and became his most bitter foe, being responsible for most of the attacks of the official press upon the old prince and popularly credited with formulating the principal obstacle to any permanent understanding between the Emperor and the Kaiser.

Herr von Kiderlen-Wachter had been Imperial Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs since June 28, 1910. He succeeded Wilhelm von Schoen, who became German Ambassador to France.

The promotion of von Kiderlen-Wachter was not very favorably received in parliament. He was not a good orator and his speeches did not create a very good impression. He was known, however, in Germany as the most shrewd man in an expedition, and was regarded as an expert on affairs of the Near East, owing to his having been stationed for a long time in the Balkans.

As Foreign Secretary he was successful in steering the international politics of the empire through a period of unusual entanglement, more especially in regard to the settlement of the dispute between France and Germany as to the future of Morocco.

Von Kiderlen-Wachter was for a decade German Minister at Bucharest, Romania, a comparatively unimportant post, to which he was sent by the Emperor for presuming too much on his favor. He belonged to an old Württemberg family which was raised to the nobility in 1868. He was born on July 10, 1852, and while he was studying law volunteered and fought throughout the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71. He entered the diplomatic service in 1879, and served in St. Petersburg, Paris, Copenhagen, Constantinople and Bucharest. He never married.

MRS. HARRY D. HUDLER.

Mrs. Harry D. Hudler, past regent of Bronx Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, died at her home in North Columbus avenue, Mount Vernon, yesterday from heart disease. She had been for many years a leader in civic and patriotic movements in Mount Vernon and the Bronx.

Mrs. Hudler awakened her family early yesterday morning and appeared to be in great pain. She died before a physician arrived at the house. She was an active member of the Westchester Woman's Club and was identified with the work of the Day Nursery and the People's Institute. She also was a member of the Patriotic Women of America. She leaves a husband and one son, Reginald. The funeral will be held from the Hudler home to-morrow at 8 p. m.

THOMAS BURFORD.

Thomas Burford, one of the oldest business men in Queens Borough, died yesterday morning at his home in Cook avenue, Elmhurst. He was seventy-eight years of age. He was born in Worcester, England, but had lived in this country practically all his life. Mr. Burford was for many years in the bakery business, with shops in Elmhurst, Corona and Maspeth. He was a director of the First National

Bank of Corona, the Corn Exchange Bank and the Long Island City Bank. He leaves a wife, three sons and a daughter.

OBITUARY NOTES.

THE REV. NICHOLAS FERRETTI, pastor of St. Anthony's Roman Catholic Church, died in Elizabeth, N. J., yesterday. He was said to be a distant relative of Pope Leo XIII and was born in Genoa. He was at one time a sexton at St. Patrick's Church, in Mulberry street, and the Church of the Transfiguration, in Mott street, New York.

MRS. MARY ANN MAINS, who died on Saturday night, was the oldest resident of Boonton, N. J. If she had lived until April 28 she would have been ninety-nine years old. She never rode in a trolley car, but was known as a lover of automobile riding. Mrs. Mains was born in New York but once in her life. Her husband died in 1893. Only one of her six children is living.

JAMES CROTTY, sixty-four years old, a paper and twine merchant of New York, died at a private sanatorium near Plainfield, N. J., last night. He was a member of the firm of P. Crotty & Co., No. 125 Wooster street, New York.

WILLIAM M. SANDFORD, seventy-seven years old, a rich resident of Plainfield, N. J., died yesterday, following several strokes of paralysis. He was born in New York and was the son of Charles W. Sandford. A wife, two sons and one daughter survive.

MRS. J. P. WEBSTER, widow of the composer of "The Sweet Bye and Bye," died at Elkhorn, Wis., yesterday, in her eighty-third year.

MRS. HENRY SHIPPEN HUIDEKOPER, wife of General HuidEKoper, is dead at her home in Philadelphia, after a long illness. One daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Monroe-Smith, of this city, and a son, Wallis HuidEKoper, survive her.

MAJOR THOMAS S. GILBERT, who was a member of the staff of Governor Buckingham, Connecticut's Civil War Governor, died yesterday in New Haven at the age of ninety. He was an editor of the "Connecticut War Records." After the war he became a pioneer of the manufacture of corsets.

GEORGE W. SIMPSON, pay director, U. S. N., is dead in Washington. He was born in New York in 1860 and was appointed to the naval service in 1882. His funeral will be held Thursday, and burial will be in Arlington National Cemetery.

MISS GOULD TO WED SOON

Intimates Marriage Will Take Place Late in January.

New Haven, Dec. 30.—Miss Helen Gould and Finley Shepard returned to New York City this morning after coming here from visiting Shepard's mother in the New Haven General Hospital. They occupied seats in an ordinary passenger coach. Miss Gould wore no jewelry, not even an engagement ring. Miss Gould said the date of their wedding was not ready for announcement. "If you set it down for late in January you won't go far wrong," she said. Shepard referred all queries about the date to Miss Gould.

Before leaving this city Shepard telephoned to the hospital, inquired for his mother, and sent word that for lack of time he could not visit her again to-day, but sent her his love.

SAM BERNARD RETURNS

Funny as Ever at Lyric Theatre in "All for the Ladies."

Girls plus gowns plus Sam Bernard come up "All for the Ladies." That is the name of the new farce with music which brought the comical Sam to the Lyric Theatre last night. The title is supposed to refer to the invincible powers of one Leo, whose life is one of service to the ladies. But it is more than that, for such an array of fancies of the dressmaker surely never trailed across the stage. All else made into the background from the rainbow of color combinations which Melville Ellis has created.

The vehicle for all this display of gowns, more gowns and still more gowns, is the work of Henry Blossom, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Alfred Grey, who accompanied it, all with attractive melodies. Mr. Blossom credits a French farce by Henriquet, and well that he does, for his inspiration, and well that he does, for otherwise he might be accused of borrowing.

The affairs of the heart of a man invincible to women and his own sexual capabilities are not new in the play field. In this case they are made more entertaining by having Sam Bernard as the comical man, a chief fitter in the dress-making establishment owned by two partners. The infatuation which the wives of the two proprietors feel for the fitter and their propensities for involving themselves in compromising situations only add to the familiar trend of the play, while at the same time furnishing complications for the French farce.

Through his bit of a play, though, Mr. Blossom has makes for more than the average musical comedy. If it is a bit tart, even a bit cynical, so much the better for the pleasure of the piece. Such a line as "Love is an intoxicant, and marriage is Love's Keely cure," may have a Broadway tang, but at least it is amusing across the footlights. So, too, is the code of Leo, the lady killer, "Don't leave it undone, but keep it unknown." In addition, Mr. Blossom has furnished some excellent lyrics, which Mr. Grey has set to music that is more than commonly attractive.

If he is Sam Bernard as funny as ever? Of course he is. If you happen to be one of those who have laughed at him. He is still his same German self, set in a French atmosphere, but as involved in German gutturals as ever. And when he sings "It's Permissible" those who like him choke while they weep, as they have done. If you don't think him funny, well, a comedian is a matter of taste.

In addition to the star there is an excellent company, containing three women of special note. They are the familiar Adele Ritchie, as blond as ever; Alice Gentile, with her grand opera voice and style, and Louise Meyers, a new name, and a peculiarly easy stage presence.

As for the gowns, they are beyond description. They cover more than all the fashion parades of a Fifth avenue shop. Surely such a display is all for the joy of the ladies!

The cast:

Marie, a Operette.....Miss Louise Meyers
Alphonse, a Operette.....Miss Alice Gentile
Georgette, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Ernest, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Samuel, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Charles, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Hector, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Leon, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Madame, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Finn, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Augusta, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Baroness, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
General, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Gaston, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Duchess, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Duke, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Prince, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Princess, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Queen, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand King, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Emperor, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Empress, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Sultan, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Sultana, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Caliph, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Calipha, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Vizier, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Vizieress, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Eunuch, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Eunuchess, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Chamberlain, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Chamberlainess, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Steward, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Stewardess, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Butler, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Butlers, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Maid, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Maids, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Footman, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Footmen, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Cook, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Cooks, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Butler, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Butlers, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Maid, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Maids, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Footman, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Footmen, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Cook, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie
Grand Cooks, a Operette.....Miss Adele Ritchie

"EVA" NOT THE BEST EVER

Lehar's Operetta Has Musical Color but No Spirit.

SALLIE FISHER AS EVA

Has a Gentle Personality, but Does Not Fit Into a Viennese Operetta.

Unlucky Lehar will always be judged by his best work. No composer should have his finest inspiration before his last one, because the gradual retrograde is as discouraging for him as it is disappointing for his admirers. Franz Lehar seems to be gradually declining in power since the days of his great "Merry Widow" hood. His "Count of Luxembourg" was pleasing, but had neither the dash nor the swing of the "Widow." "Eva" lets us down still more from the dizzy heights of romance to which we were tossed by the Villa song, the waltz, the cooing Maximine and all the rest of them in that long remembered craze that struck New York some five years ago. Comparisons are unfair, but it is unfair not to expect them. The whole world, not only the musical comedy world, is balanced by them.

"Eva" sounds like nothing so much as a collection of leftover tunes thrown together to make a musical comedy for the provinces. Argentina liked it, but then, we are told they had it there in a different form. "Things" were left out for New York. And places where "things" might have been are apparent here and there, especially in the second, or wine, woman and song act.

The action of the piece is cast in a place in Belgium called Montarlier, and in Paris. It would be agreeable, incidentally, if there were even one member of the cast that did not pronounce the Belgian town Montarlier. But there is not even one. Eva is a maid in a glass factory. She has nothing in the world but a guardian and a desire to live the life. Though she must dress like a working girl, she loves jewels and laces and soft, lovely things. Enter Octave Flaubert—doesn't that name make laces sound possible?—to take possession of the glass factory in which Eva works. He is young, rich and appreciative. He is attracted by Eva, and "acts the beast," as he describes it later on. He announces his engagement to her before every one in Montarlier, and then in the next minute sings to her that it was he, Eva, who unlatched the pearl necklace that he has clasped about her throat, and clad in the fiery of one of Octave's proteges, flees to Paris to look for honest work.

There Octave, repentant, finds her in the last act, a milliner's assistant, earning twenty pure francs a week. Eva's guardian comes in to tell her to trust Octave, for a reformed man is better than a naturally good one.

Armed with which cheery sentiment, those of us who have not yet had our fling can go out and face the coming events care free.

The Lehar music accompanies all of this, however, and there is more melody and richness in the score than the average musical comedy composer provides. The inevitable waltz song is also a love song. "Love is a Pilgrim" is the name of it. Eva sings it and repeats it several times during the course of the evening. "On the Day I Marry" was perhaps the most spirited of the lighter songs, although there were several other all-man songs that bid for favor.

Hugo Riesenfeld, who conducted the orchestra at the New Amsterdam Theatre last night, was the directing spirit for the evening, musically speaking, for he fairly coaxed for rhythm and melody from both his orchestra and the stage. He got a fair measure of both from the orchestra, but there was a minimum of melody from the stage, with the exception of the lower range of Miss Fisher's voice. The other members of the cast sang as little and as badly as possible the way people in musical comedy casts hereabouts always do sing. And the local audience is tired of this kind of singing, in spite of a general belief that they know no better.

It is a pity that "Eva" should have nothing new in it, nothing dramatic or startling, nothing romantic, interesting. But what can be expected from a piece over which so many people have worked? Franz Lehar conceived the idea first. With him and Bodansky made a book for his music. The piece went on its travels, being altered in every place it visited. Glen Macdonough rewrote the whole book for New York according to either his own or some one else's ideas of what this city would like, and the play was then mounted by Herbert Gresham, with Julian Mitchell called in to work over the book. "Almost as many helpers as though the thing were put on by a church social. Small wonder that the whole labor and expensive affair fails to make a unified impression, fails to make a "hit."

Perhaps this will appear to be taking musical comedy too seriously. But musical comedy is really worth taking seriously because it is a very ingratiating and worth while form of dramatic art. There is no end of mood and spirit possible to it. No one knows this better than Lehar. That is why one goes to an operetta of his full of hope.

CAST OF "EVA":
Larousse.....Wallace McHughen
Alphonse.....John Daly Murphy
Georgette.....John Daly Murphy
Ernest.....John Daly Murphy
Samuel.....John Daly Murphy
Charles.....John Daly Murphy
Hector.....John Daly Murphy
Leon.....John Daly Murphy
Madame.....John Daly Murphy
Finn.....John Daly Murphy
Augusta.....John Daly Murphy
Baroness.....John Daly Murphy
General.....John Daly Murphy
Gaston.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Duchess.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Duke.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Prince.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Princess.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Queen.....John Daly Murphy
Grand King.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Emperor.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Empress.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Sultan.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Sultana.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Vizier.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Vizieress.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Eunuch.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Eunuchess.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Chamberlain.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Chamberlainess.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Steward.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Stewardess.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Butler.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Butlers.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Maid.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Maids.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Footman.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Footmen.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Cook.....John Daly Murphy
Grand Cooks.....John Daly Murphy

"HIS WIFE BY HIS SIDE"

Play Given by National Federation Gives Drama No "Uplift."

The National Federation of Theatre Clubs, of which Sydney Rosenfeld is president, produced its third play last night at the Berkeley Lyceum. The name of it was "His Wife by His Side." The play was here hitherto unknown, and deservedly so, if one may judge from last night's offering. The players who were foolish enough to implicate themselves in the matter need not be mentioned.

This society, which is composed of persons who wish well to the drama, can hardly hope to make the art finer by encouraging such inconsequent and immature material as that presented under the direction of its president last night.

GOLDSMITH COMEDY REVIVED.

Annie Russell, with the members of her Old English Comedy Company, at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, revived one of their most successful offerings last night when she presented Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." The play was the first comedy given by Miss Russell and her fellow players in their present season, and last night's performance duplicated the good impression which star cast and play had previously made.

"CHEER UP" DISAPPOINTS

New Rinehart Farce Fails to Make Hit at Harris.

SALLIE FISHER AS EVA

Has a Gentle Personality, but Does Not Fit Into a Viennese Operetta.

It was Mary Roberts Rinehart who invented the situation out of which grew the endless complications of that highly successful farce of two seasons ago, "Seven Days." In her new play, "Cheer Up," written by her without collaboration and produced last night at the Harris Theatre, she has retained this fundamental idea—that of the enforced isolation of a number of people under one roof—but has changed its locale from a city house to a sanatorium on a mountain top. A blizzard has cut off the institution and its inmates from communication with the outer world. To make conditions worse the house physician has run away with the head nurse. The housekeeper is bravely trying to run things, but the patients are crying for the doctor and are threatening to leave. The young owner is expected at any moment—in fact, under his grandfather's will he must take possession by 6 o'clock or lose his inheritance—the alternate heir has already arrived. But the loyal housekeeper, determined to save the day for her beloved Master Dick, induces two stranded actors, who drift in through the snow, to impersonate the young man and the much needed new physician.

No sooner have these impostors begun to play their parts than the real owner arrives, accompanied by the young wife, with whom he had eloped only the day before. She is the daughter of a millionaire, who, as a matter of course, is even then taking the cure at the sanatorium. The bridegroom must be hidden, for the millionaire has a terrible temper, so has his older daughter, who is also of the company in consequence of another love affair, frowned upon by the strict, frigid parent. To make matters still worse for the hidden husband, the actress who is suing him for breach of promise also reaches the sanatorium through the snow and begins to suspect his presence. He, on his side, seeks to steal from her the letters on which her suit is based. The guests furnish further complications, especially when the actor seriously takes hold and makes these self-indulgent, rich, imaginary invalids take exercise, plain food and plenty of fresh air. He cuts off the spring water, which the housekeeper has been doctoring far too strongly since the original recipe was lost.

Here, then, is abundance of material for a rattling farce. And, indeed, "Cheer Up" starts well, with a promise of even briskest drama to come. But the first act is the best, the second is only fairly well maintained on the level set by it, and in the third the author forgets her humor altogether too much for the sake of the triple "love interest." Many points she might have made are unaccountably lost as the farce proceeds. Nothing comes, for instance, of the terrible temper of the millionaire and his elder daughter. On the other hand, the verge of vulgarity is occasionally approached for the sake of a laugh.

The large cast did its best with the material given it. Walter Hampden gives a debonair sketch of the actor resort manager, Alan Brook's impersonation of a man on the verge of delirium tremens was much appreciated by the audience. For some reason or other a part of this kind always is a thankful one with the public. Frances Nordstrom was a busy housekeeper indeed. Sibylla Pope looked stunning as the millionaire's elder daughter and Fayette Ferry was a clinging, liping bride. Lotta Lintulm handled the part of the actress with easy capability, and in a fetching rhyme. It was she who spoke a brief rhythmic prologue before the curtain.

"THE DRONE" DRAGS

Mayne's Comedy Provides a Sleepy Afternoon at Daly's.

Not that "The Drone" is a bad play, nor is it poorly acted, but it is like riding a flat bottomed boat against wind and tide to sit through it. A homely group of four Irish folk plod through a series of episodes that seem to be of interest and importance to them, and perhaps the picture is true enough to the local life as the commonplace see life. One thing is fairly certain, however, in this connection. If life seems commonplace to a man he should not take to playwrighting.

Whether brother Daniel, who is called the Drone, because he has been trying to invent a fan bellows for fifteen years, is finally shown to "have a great head on him," or not is a matter that does not develop enough interest to warrant an afternoon spent in Daly's. After all, the busy New York streets, even on a rainy afternoon, have more red-blooded amusement in them than "The Drone" has. And one can play about in the streets and shops by the hour for nothing.

The players, laboring uphill against the local country breeze of which we have been hearing asserted examples recently, laid on with a heavy hand a certain amount of local color. Under the gentle ministry of Whitford Kane the none too lovely character of the Drone is made over into a sweet faced simpson of the Music Master type. The only comedy discoverable in "The Drone" described on the programme as a comedy—was developed in the stride of Nellie Wheeler, who played Kate, the servant girl. The rest of the cast worked hard. The poor imitations of the Irish players that we have been having in one form or another for nearly a year now should do something toward waking the community to the beauty and finish in the work of the originals.

CAST OF "THE DRONE":
John Murray.....Robert Forsyth
Daniel Murray.....Whitford Kane
Mary Murray.....Margaret Moffat
Andrew McMillen.....Joseph Campbell
Sarah McMillen.....Margaret Moffat
Donal MacKenzie.....Alice F. Thompson
Sam Brown.....Stanley Brown
Kate.....Nellie Wheeler
Alick McCreedy.....John Campbell

NEW COMEDY PRODUCED.

Rochester, Dec. 30.—Henry W. Savake's Irish-American Players made their debut here in "Top-of-the-Morning" at the Shubert Theatre to-night. The new piece, written by Anne Caldwell, was described by the players as a "home-made" comedy in the programme as a comedy—was developed in the stride of Nellie Wheeler, who played Kate, the servant girl. The rest of the cast worked hard. The poor imitations of the Irish players that we have been having in one form or another for nearly a year now should do something toward waking the community to the beauty and finish in the work of the originals.

Members of the company giving "His Wife by His Side" will celebrate the advent of the New Year with a supper on the stage of the Berkeley Theatre after the performance to-night.

William Faversham and members of the company appearing with him in his presentation of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" will appear before the moving picture machines during the engagement of the company in Newark this week.

"The Red Petticoat," with Helen Lowell, will close its engagement at the Broadway Theatre on Saturday night, after which it will begin a road tour.

WHAT IS GOING ON TO-DAY.

Free admission of the American Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the New York Zoological Park and the Van Cortlandt Park Museum.
Poultry Show, Madison Square Garden.
Meeting of the American Society of Church History, Union Theological Seminary.
Musical selections and singing, under the auspices of the New Year's Eve Committee, in celebration of the New Year, City Hall.
Grant, Louise Parnum, George L. Guerro, Peggy O'Neil and Nellie Flimfore.

STUPIDITY OR—?



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER—Where are those witnesses against you?
POLICE—Aw! Did you want to see them? Why, they was here only five minutes ago.

WAGNER'S LOVE DRAMA

First Performance This Season of "Tristan und Isolde."

There probably was never, before last week, an instance of a German opera being postponed because of the indisposition of an Italian conductor when a German conductor was on hand particularly charged with the production of works written to German words. Yet that is what happened when "Tristan und Isolde" was put aside recently at the Metropolitan Opera House because Signor Toscanini was ill, and "Götterdämmerung" substituted because Herr Hertz was on hand and well. Last night a German singer, Herr Szek, was ill and the Russian conductor well, and so "Tristan und Isolde" was substituted for "Götterdämmerung." The circumstances, with its somewhat amusing contradictions, is not brought forward in the spirit of captious criticism, but simply as news—the kind of news which, in connection with musical affairs, it provides most interesting matter for the reviewer than the doings of the artists on the stage. With such beautiful voices as those of Mrs. Gaddi and Homer, to say nothing of those of such men as Burian, Griewold and Well, of whom gallantry asks nothing, engaged in the work, and with Signor Toscanini conducting an admirable orchestra and keeping its voices singing, singing expressively, without sacrificing beauty of tone to volume, there could really be no need of saying much about a representation of the opera, which has never been absent from our stage for any considerable space for more than a quarter of a century. It was a worthy performance, lacking only the general artistic supervision which would have saved the public such absurdities in the mise-en-scene as the plot steering a ship into port standing amidships, rods away from the tiller, and with his view of land and sea shut off by curtains reaching even beyond the starboard and port rails, and many other things of the same sort which are to be forgiven because of the beauty of the musical performance, for which there ought to be only words of praise.

STAR AND GARTER SHOW HERE

Columbia Theatre in Uproar of Applause Entire Evening.

Neither stars nor garters were much in evidence at the Columbia Theatre last night, where Jack Conway, and his "Star and Garter" show began their week's engagement. The stars and garters were not missed, as Conway himself was star of the whole show.

The house was in an uproar of laughter from start to finish, and if the applause of the audience was any indication of success there is a big week ahead for the Broadway burlesque house.

SELDEN—KING.

[By Telegram to The Tribune.]

Marshall, Mich., Dec. 30.—Professor Joseph Selden, of the New York University, was married here on Saturday evening to Miss Ella Louise King, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. King. The wedding is the result of a college romance, Professor Selden and his bride having attended Olive College in the same years.

Professor Selden became an attaché of the American Legation in Siam when the late Hamilton King, of Olive, was United States Minister there. Until recently the bride was a teacher in one of the Siam high schools.

TRENTINI MOVES TO CASINO.

Emma Trentini, in "The Firefly," moved several times last night from the Casino, where the successful move of the musical piece will be continued. The attractive music of Rudolph Friml and the members of her company were repeated in the new playhouse. The performance was witnessed by a large audience.

DIED.

Reid, Whitlaw, on December 15, in London, in the 74th year of his age. Funeral services in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Saturday, January 4, at 11 a. m. Friends and societies invited to attend. Cards of admission may be had on application to Dean Grosvenor at the Cathedral, Amsterdam avenue, and 11th and 12th streets.

CEMETERIES.

THE WOODLAWN CEMETERY.
2353 St. Office, 20 East 23d St., N. Y.

UNDETAKEES.

FRANK E. CAMPBELL, 241-5 West 23d St., Chambers, Private Rooms, Private Ambulance, Tel. 1524 Chelsea.

OFFICES.

MAIN OFFICE—No. 154 Nassau street.
LITTON OFFICE—No. 1364 Broadway, or any American District Telegraph Office.
HARLEM OFFICE—No. 157 East 125th street, No. 243 West 125th street and No. 219 West 125th street.

PRESS PAYS REID TRIBUTE

All City Newspapers To Be Represented at Funeral.

A meeting of representatives of all the newspapers of New York City was held at the office of the "Staats-Zeitung" yesterday afternoon.

Charles R. Miller, of "The New York Times," was chairman, and Herbert F. Garrison, of "The Brooklyn Eagle," was secretary.

After a few remarks by Mr. Miller and Colonel Jay, vice-president of "The New York Herald," referring to their early acquaintance with Mr. Reid, the following resolutions offered by Mr. Miller were adopted:

Resolved, That the press of New York City, by this committee of its representatives, desires to pay its tribute of respect to the memory of Whitlaw Reid, and to express its sense of the loss and the sorrow which his death brings to the men of the newspaper calling, of which he was during so many years of his life an active and distinguished member.